

OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

SHAUN AND FIONA

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By Charles Battell Loomis

M E mudder used to be tellin' me a great fairy story about Shaun and Fiona. I thought as well be candid. I had shamelessly taken Jimmy down to Coney Island in order that he might tell me one of the fairy stories his mother had been in the habit of telling him, and now after having had a bath we were basking in the kindly rays of the sun on a comparatively secluded stretch of beach and the little chap had warmed up to the point where a story was the most natural thing in the world.

I am not what they call a folklore sharp, but if I am not mistaken the story that Jimmy told me is an Irish variant of a folk tale of Brittany which I read when a boy myself. However that may be, the story as Jimmy told it, with its mixture of Irish and New York local color, its shifting from Irish to "tough" dialect, and the affectionate interpolations of "so me mudder said" is anything but Bretton in its flavor.

"Me mudder said that Shaun was a prince an' the son of a king," said Jimmy. "I can't remember the name of th' old man, but him an' his people had been kings in Ireland as long as there was any kings. Very proud, me mudder said they was, an' very rich."

"Well, Shaun was a fine young feller, very smart an' needn't no book learnin' at all. Well, one day he took it into his head he'd go seek his fortune beyond the seven seas that surround Ireland, an' so he takes his velvet cap in his hand, an' he goes to his father, the king—I can't think what's his name was—an' he said, 'Father, me people have been great an' powerful ever since there was any kings at all, an' I am great an' powerful because I'm the son of you, but I'll not be leavin' on that at all. I want to walk by myself. It's me own way I'd make, an' all I ask is your blessing.' The old man gives him his blessing in quick enough an' tells him that when he was a young man of his age he had killed t're lions at one stroke."

"In Ireland, father?" says the young man, an' his father says, 'Yes, an' that makes Shaun wink his eye at th' old man because he knew there was no lions in Ireland at all any more than there was snakes, but he knew the old gentleman was husky enough an' if it wasn't lions, it was something else just as fierce, an' so he sets out wid the blessing.'"

"Nothin' stopped him. The first day of his journey, he come some robbers wid bags full of gold, an' when they was about to ask him for his gold he sticks his sword through the bag of gold and it streams out on the ground. Then he runs the robbers through the middle (so me mudder said), an' seeln' a lot of beggars in a field near at hand, he calls 'em up an' he says, 'Here, help yourself to this rubbish. I've no use for it.' (Gee, I never could understand dat, boss. Leavin' gold lie!)"

"When he comes to the seven seas that surround Ireland, he looks for a boat to take him away. Me mudder used to say that this was before the time of steamboats, an' all that had sailboats an' very few of them, but at last he sees a fisherman in a boat an' he tells him that he is Prince Shaun of the house of—gee, I wish I could remember the name of his father. Me mudder always said it every time an' yet I can't call it, at all."

"The fisherman when he hears his name bows low an' tells him he can command him till rooks stop singin' hoarse—rooks is like crows, boss—an' will be jump in the boat an' start for America. He'd often heard of America, so me mudder said, an' he gets in the boat an' a stiff wind springs up an' they sail so fast that in half an hour he couldn't see land at all."

"All night be the light of a moon that was almost as bright as the sun, but as thin as a thread, they sailed, an' at last Shaun sees a big body of land in front of them, an' he asks it is America. 'I don't know what land it is,' says the fisherman, turnin' white, 'an' I don't like the look of it. I'll stop the boat,' says he. But when he tried to stop the boat he couldn't do it any more than if it was a runaway horse, an' the next minute it strikes on a rock an' the fisherman an' his boat disappears, but Shaun pitches head first into a furze bush. It was some time before he felt strong enough to pick himself out of the bush an' go to see what sort of an island it was anyhow he was on."

"While he was walkin' an' wonderin' where breakfast was comin' from, he came to a house that was thirty stories high. I remember well me mudder tellin' me that, an' it was supposed to be a giant's house. Shaun had never seen the like of it before. It's a wonder he wouldn't come to New York and see some of the skyscrapers."

"It was a giant's house, all right, for out of the top window a great head is peepin' a head as large as the big dinner table in the house of Shaun's father, an' a great voice roars so hard that every leaf fell off every tree in reach of the giant's breath. An' he says to Shaun, 'how dare you step on my island?'"

"At Shaun says, 'How dare you talk to me in a voice like that? I am Shaun of the house of MacCullin—that's the name I couldn't get, MacCullin. I am Shaun MacCullin,' says he, 'an' I want you to come down an' invite me in to breakfast.'"

"Oh, he was not frightened of the giants at all. He knew most of these big fellers is bluffers. 'Pretty soon a door as large as the side of a church is opened, an' Shaun, wid his hat in his hand, for he was well mannered, me mudder said, walks in an' looks around him. All he sees is an ankle on a level wid his eyes. He looks up, his eyes was crossed, would look at the Singer buildin', an' there is the giant lookin' down at him."

"The next minute a big hand comes down an' Shaun is lifted up in the air, an' feels like he's goin' up in an elevator."

"But he wasn't frightened at all. 'Set me down on the roof,' says he. 'I don't want to be pinched between thumb an' finger like a bug,' says he. 'I'm a prince.' So the giant sets him on the roof. Me mudder said that the roof was all open so the giant could stand up straight, an' it was on the top of the wall that Shaun was set."

"Well, says the giant, you came at the right time. Me servant died yesterday from fallin' in the way of me foot, an' I need a new one at once. What can you do?"

"I'm lookin' for me fortune," says Shaun, 'an' if I become your servant,' says he, 'it's not because I have to, but because I want to do it for the sport of the thing.' Oh, he was a brave lad! Not afraid of anything on legs."

"I don't care why you work, but you'll work hard, I'll tell you that. I'm off to milk me double-headed cow, an' while I'm gone you must clean the stable. When that is done you may rest until I come back, an' then we'll eat dinner together, you an' me. But remember one thing. Don't go to the room that is locked on the twenty-fifth floor, for there I keep me wives."

"Where is the key?" asked Shaun, but the giant only laughed at him an' went out to milk his two-headed cow."

"After the giant had gone Shaun looked out of the window an' saw where the stable was. 'Oh, ho, that's an easy job,' says he, an' he decides to prowl around the house first, because he never was in a house so high, an' besides, he wanted to see what was in the room on the twenty-fifth floor. The giant had set him down in the hall an' the first thing he done was to go where he smelt something cookin', for he was so hungry he could have eaten his leather belt."

"He entered a kitchen as big as his father's palace, an' there hung a pot on nothin' at all—just

in the air, like an air ship, you know—an' steam comin' out of it. 'That smells like me breakfast,' says Shaun, an' he dips the feather in his cap into the pot an' out it comes coated wid copper."

"He knew well enough that copper soup wouldn't be on good terms wid his stomach, so he passed out of the kitchen widout tastin' any, an' came to a smaller kitchen, where a blood-red dog lay sleepin' by a silver fire that was boilin' water that wasn't in any pot at all but in the air."

"That's thim-lookin' soup," says Shaun, an' he dips another feather into it an' it comes out coated wid silver. The dog wakes up an' growls an' Shaun raps him on the head with the feather, an' he disappears altogether like steam does, but the growl stays be the silver fire."

"Shaun must 'a' thought he was at some movin'-picture show, but he goes out of the smaller kitchen an' enters a third kitchen, an' there was a green fire, its flames leppin' up on a pot that was hanging by a lock of golden hair that was fastened to nothin' at all."

"It's queer doin's in this house," says Shaun, 'but it doesn't take away my appetite. I hope this soup is good to eat or I'll begin on me shoes.' 'He's just goin' to dip the third feather into the brother when a little bird flies out of the broth, all golden."

"Oh, ho!" says he, 'that's it, is it? Well, I can't digest gold any better than copper or silver, an' if it isn't breakfast time I'll go up an' see what's in the forbidden room.'"

"So up the stairs he goes, climbin' them as lightly as if he was a goat, an' when he comes to the door of the room, there is the key right in it. 'It didn't take him long to turn the key in the

"That made him love her all the more, an' he spent the day tellin' her the story of his life an' listenin' to hers. She was the daughter of a fairy an' her name was Fiona, an' the giant kep' her in this room on the twenty-fifth floor of his private skyscraper."

"When Shaun heard the giant walkin' up the lane to the house, an' the earth tremblin' wid every tread, he begun to whistle an' went out to meet him."

"Well, have y' cleaned the stable?" roared the giant, who was in a bad humor as the cow had kicked over the milk an' his day's walk had gone for nothin'."

"Long ago," says Shaun, with a grin. "Why don't you give me somethin' hard? I've been awfully bored wid nothin' to do but that."

"Oh, ho!" yells the giant, lookin' up at the twenty-fifth story. 'You have seen Fiona, unless you are lyin'.'"

"Sir, I don't lie!" cried Shaun, drawin' his sword, which made the giant laugh an' go off to the stable to see for himself."

"Yes," said he when he came back, 'you have seen Fiona. You never thought of this with your own brain.'"

"Is Fiona the red dog that I've seen growl be-hind him?" cried Shaun, lookin' as silly as he could. 'You'll know soon enough,' roared the giant, an' then he went into the kitchen an' begun to yell at the cook."

"An amiable man," said Shaun, an' makin' a bed in the hay he fell asleep, forgettin' that he had eaten nothin' all day. His dreams was all of Fiona, an' he made up his mind to free her from the wicked old giant."

"The next mornin' when Shaun woke up he was

"Come for a walk," says he, an' without ever stoppin' to put on any walkin' shoes, but all barefooted, she went wid him, an' they were soon wanderin' over the hills an' lookin' out to the seven seas where the sun turned the water to gold. An' they wished they was sailin' on the golden sea. 'But says Fiona, 'it wouldn't do yet. What did the giant ax ye to do the day?'"

"Oh, it's nothin' at all," says he. 'I'm to bridle his stallion that's grazin' be Lough Erne.' 'It's nothin' at all,' says he, but she says, 'It's more than a grate dale. Have ye seen the stallion?'"

"I have not," says he, 'but I've seen many a one in the Dublin Horse Show, an' it's little I fear them.'"

"Out of the eyes of him," says Fiona, 'red flames is burstin', an' out of the nostrils of him steam is pourin', an' Shaun wonders is it a horse at all only a steam engine.'"

"The breath of his nostrils would scald ye to death," says she, 'but here in me pocket—if I haven't left it in me other skirt—is a bit of a bridle that'll make the bridin' of him child's play an' then you can pipe an' I'll dance for the rest of the day.'"

"So she hands him a little red bridle wid a sprig of shamrock in it, an' hand in hand they go to Lough Erne."

"There on the edge of the lake is a stallion as big as the hippopotamus in Central Park, an' as big as a colt, but whenever he leaps in the air you'd think a freight train was runnin' over Brooklyn Bridge, from the noise of him."

"When he seen Shaun comin' toward him, he lowered his head an' blew a cloud of steam out of his nostrils an' then out of the other, in a way that was terrible to look at, an' his eyes gleamed wid fire. Oh, he was a horrible object, an' Fiona was near dead wid fear. But Shaun, bein' of the house of MacCullin, didn't know what fear was, an' he runs up to him empty handed, but his hand happened to touch the bridle in his pocket, an' he leaps in the air an' places it in the stallion's mouth, an' in a moment you'd think it was a pet lamb he was leadin' home to put to bed in the baby's cradle."

"Oh, the stallion was so gentle that Shaun took hold of his forelock the way he had taken hold of Fiona's hair an' pulled himself up, an' he rode between his ears. An' helpin' Fiona up, the two rode to the stable, where Shaun gave the stallion four bushels of oats an' a couple of tons of hay, an' then Fiona kissed Shaun good evenin' an' climbs up the twenty-five flights, wishin' the giant wasn't too stingy to put in an elevator."

"Pretty soon the giant comes home be himself, havin' left the double-headed cow in a pasture up Donegal way—so me mudder said—an' when he seen Shaun sittin' on a seat in front of the house tryin' to get a tune out of the pipes, he says, 'Did you get me stallion?'"

"Sure an' I did," says Shaun. 'An' child's play it was. It's a wonder you wouldn't ax him to come home every night be himself. I've a kitten at home that is fiercer.'"

"The giant goes into the stable to satisfy himself that Shaun is not lyin', an' when he comes out he says, 'Ye have seen my Fiona.'"

"Oh, it's always Fiona," says Shaun. 'The word means nothin' at all. Do ye think I have nothin' to do but to be seelin' things. Where's me dinner?' says he."

"Wid that the giant puts his hand in his pocket an' chucks a bone to Shaun, an' that put the boy in such a rage an' fury that he trun the bone at the giant an' blinded his left eye."

"That night Shaun sleeps in the hay as before, an' in the mornin' he finds more eggs an' ate them, an' there must be some special nourishment in the eggs, for he feels as strong as a horse, for all he'd had nothin' but a couple of dozen eggs since landin'."

"That mornin' the giant says, 'It's little ye'll have to do the day,' says he. 'All I want is me rent from the bottomless pit.'"

"Do ye own the bottomless pit?" says Shaun. 'I do,' says the giant."

"It's a wonder ye wouldn't be closin' it up then, for the good of the world, an' never mind the rent."

"But the giant only laughs, an' tells Shaun that when he has collected the rent, he can help himself to whatever he finds that's good to eat in the kitchen, but Shaun, remembering the copper soup, is leery, an' takes no stock in the giant's words."

"After the giant had gone to the pasture to get the double-headed cow, Shaun, feelin' the need of exercise, walks up the twenty-five flights to Fiona's room an' finds that she, thinkin' perhaps he might be hungry, has prepared him a bit of lunch—some foreign thing like you'd get in a delicatessen shop—I forget what me mudder said, but we'll call it blutwurst. Sure he did justice to it, an' then he tells her what it is he has to do today, 'Go down to hell an' collect the rent,' says he."

"Fiona laughed at the funny words of him, but she soon stopped laughin', an' says, 'It's no slouch of a job, ye have,' says she. 'It's as like as not ye'll never come out—wid no chance of purgatory at all,' says she."

"That made Shaun feel a little queer, because, although the MacCullins were afraid of nothin' on earth, he'll's different."

"An' what'll I do?" says he. 'I can't tell the giant I wasn't able to do his work.'"

"Wid that she goes to a little closet an' she brings out a shillelagh. 'There the first one that ever was made,' says she. 'Me mudder said it was a big club made out of blackthorn, an' worse than a night stick if ye'd be hit wid it.'"

"Hit that three times on the gate of the bottomless pit," says Fiona, 'an' a red devil, streamin' fire at every point, will come up an' ax ye what ye want. Be sure to tell him you're after the giant's rent, but you want only what you can get away wid, or he'll take you down an' your mudder'll never worry about your comin' home nights after that.'"

"So Shaun kisses Fiona—which is a way he had when he was pleased, an' he slides down the tin lead ladder, the ground an' would have blistered his hands if Fiona hadn't wished them well—ye know she was a fairy's daughter."

"Off he goes to a piece called Devil's Kingdom over Sligo way, an' a wild, rocky place it is, full of crags an' nothin' growin' on it but heather, me mudder said."

"When he got to the gate of the bottomless pit, which he knew because of the hot steam that was oozin' up through the rocks, he strikes the ground three times an' a devil like the one on the beef cans comes up—sure I wish I might see one. Red as fire an' fiery as flame an' flaming like a torch—that's the way me mudder said it."

"What do ye want?" says he."

"I have come for the giant's rent," says Shaun."

"An' how much do ye want?"

"On'y what I can get away wid," says Shaun, rememberin' Fiona's advice."

"Bully for you," says the devil, 'there's some wants more,' an' wid that he leads Shaun down into a cavern which had Tiffany's beat to a pulp. Di'mon's was so thick that Shaun forgot to notice them before he was there a minute. An' what's this?—rubies an' emeral's an' onyxes—buckets an' buckets full, an' streamin' around like the ashes from a barrel on a windy day. Gee, if it was me that was there!"

"Have ye such a thing as a potato bag?" asks Shaun, rememberin' to be polite, for a little farther

on he saw hot flames, an' he seen a lot of pitchforks stacked up in a corner."

"The devil opened a closet where he kep' potato bags an' he gives one to Shaun, an' the prince filled it wid nothin' but emeral's an' di'mon's, an' he on'y took the emeral's because he was Irish—me mudder said—because for a fact they was as valuable as di'mon's."

"Much obliged," says Shaun, ready to go. 'Come an' see me some day.'"

"Mebbe I will," says the devil, grinnin'."

"Shaun was not long in returnin' to Fiona, an' he axed her how much was the giant's rent."

"Oh, the half of that! No one ever brought so much before. It's strong ye are."

"All the MacCullins is strong," says Shaun, squarin' his shoulders, as vain as an athlete. 'Have ye been to the bottomless pit to get me rent?' says the giant, as he came up."

"Can't ye see I have?" says Shaun, for he was beginning to get tired of service an' thought he'd ask for a Thursday off next day."

"Ye have seen my Fiona," says the giant. 'It's not your brain thought of this, it's the giant's play.'"

"An' what's the matter wid my brain?" says Shaun, risin' an' gazin' at the giant like a banty rooster."

"Ye'll see her tomorrow, that's what'll happen," said the giant, an' wid that he went in the house, leavin' Shaun to his own devices."

"Shaun milked her an' had a good supper for the first time since he came to the island."

"The next mornin' the giant went off to take the cow back, but he was home before long, complainin' of a headache."

"He goes up to Fiona's room an' he says to her, 'There's a goosoon down below that'll make good broth. Pop him into the kettle, an' when he's ready to serve, call me. Where's my headache powders?'"

"Fiona goes to the closet an' takes out some powders that makes people sleep sound an' she gives them to the giant, who never notices the differ, an' soon he was sleepin' that hard that the house shook like it was in San Francisco."

"Downstairs Fiona hurries an' she finds Shaun wonderin' what to do next, an' she says to him quick, 'Help me to carry this log of wood in the house and I'll have me prick your finger wid me needle.'"

"Women is queer creatures," says Shaun, but he lets her draw three drops of blood from his finger, and then she drops on the log. Then she an' him heave it into the pot which was hangin' on nothin' at all, an' then they filled the pot wid door mats an' table cloths an' pieces of oilcloth an' sink maps an' old shawls an' matten, an' what not."

"Gee!" says Shaun, 'but that's a soup that's not to me likin'.'"

"The Fiona leads Shaun through the three kitchens, an' wid a mold she had, she made a bullet of copper, a bullet of silver, and a bullet of gold."

"Life begins now," said Shaun. 'Of a Thursday,' says Fiona, an' they run away from the giant's house."

"Now the blood drops was enchanted, an' when the giant woke from his sleep, after ten or twelve hours, he calls out to Fiona, 'Is dinner ready?'"

"Dear no," says the first drop of blood. 'It's only just beginnin' to boil. There's somethin' the matter with the fire.'"

"So the giant turns over an' goes to sleep again. In five or six hours he wakes once more. 'Is that dinner ready?' says he. 'I'm hungry as a hog,' says he."

"Half done," says the second drop of blood, with a wink at the other two drops."

"So the giant turns over again and sleeps so hard that the bedclothes tremble."

"In a couple of hours he wakes again an' says, 'Say, I'm comin', anyhow, whether dinner's ready or no, I'm afraid I'll eat me blarney.'"

"Come along," says the third drop. 'It's ready this minute.'"

"The giant never stopped to dress, but rushed into the kitchen in his night shirt, an' there is the table set for only one."

"Do ye own your dinner, Fiona?" says he. There is no answer for the drops of blood an' much on talk, an' the giant goes nosin' over the soup."

"Lookin' out of the window he seen that Shaun was not in the front yard, an' he rushed out of the house."

"Fiona has eloped wid him," says he, rushing over the ground like an automobile on Long Island."

"Although the two had nearly eighteen hours' start of him, he came on them inside of half an hour, an' when the two saw him thunderin' along up in the air like a Singer tower on legs, Fiona's knees gave way an' Shaun had to sling her over his shoulder, and hurry along like an ant in front of a steam roller."

"If I can on'y reach the seven seas," says Shaun. 'Here, throw this bullet at him,' says Fiona, handin' the copper bullet to her lover. 'If I always use to make this part when me mudder tol' me, because they was po'try in it.'"

"Copper bullet, round and small, Give the giant a frightful fall."

"When Shaun said this a big bill rose in front of the giant's feet an' he stumbled headlong an' stunned himself, an' before the second round Shaun an' Fiona was on the seashore."

"Me mudder used to say it wasn't like Coney Island, but a lovely shore, all soft sand and no bathin' houses an' no Luna Park. Just country-like. Me mudder was always fond of the country, but she was where she was comin' from, but me for the city every time. An' Luna Park's better'n the country."

"Shaun was hopin' that by a miracle the boat that had brought him to the island would be there to take him back to Ireland, but there was nothin' but waves comin' in an' scobbin', me mudder said, because they couldn't help him. Listen, boss. The waves sob here the same way. I'll bet it's the people that's drowned that they're thinkin' of."

"Fiona took the bullet of silver an' she threw it into the sea, an' the sea was so large that she hit it. An' here was another piece of poetry: 'Silver bullet, round an' bright, Save us from our fearful plight.'"

"Say, boss, what is a plight? . . . A bad scrape? Yes, I thought it was like dat."

"No sooner was the words out of Fiona's mouth than a cup'n little ship is sailin' on the sea, all made of silver, with riggins of silver ropes an' a silver sail. Oh, me mudder said she'd often seen it in a dream, an' it was very beautiful."

"They stepped aboard an' away they sailed, happy as kids on a picnic, till Shaun looks up at the shadder of a cloud an' it ain't a cloud, but the giant on the shore, about to heave a rock at them."

"Well, if that rock ever hit them that would have been the last of Shaun an' his steady, but Fiona takes the golden bullet an' she trun it into the sea, sayin' the third bit of poetry: 'Golden bullet, bright an' yellow, Save us from this wicked feller.'"

"And wid that there was a big dragon wid claws on him like the claws on a grizzly in Central Park, an' a mouth as big as St. Patrick's Cathedral, an' he came right out of a cave near the sea, an' before the giant could turn an' run, the dragon had bit so much out of him that what was left wasn't enough to run the business, an' the giant died."

"An' that evenin' Fiona got a interduction to Shaun's father, old man MacCullin, the Irish king, an' me mudder said, 'They was married, an' lived happy ever afterwards.'"



"SHAUN LEANS OVER TO KISS THE PRETTY PINKS OF LIPS."

lock, an' then the door opened of its own accord an' Shaun whistled."

"There was nothin' to ate in the room, but there was a girl there that me mudder said was the most beautiful girl that had ever been seen outside of Ireland, although she'd not occasion much talk there. But me mudder said that Shaun thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She had cheeks like roses an' a mouth like a pink, an' eyes like forget-me-nots, an' teeth like the petals of daisies—gee, I never liked that, but me mudder said it was part of the story—an' when she spoke Shaun forgot he'd ever heard the fifty harpers in his father's hall. Her voice made him forget he was hungry."

"But the beautiful girl was only usin' her voice to tell him that he had struck the unluckiest day of his life."

"Not on your life," says Shaun. 'I was engaged this mornin' by your husband.'"

"He's not my husband," says the girl, makin' a face. 'He's a wicked man, an' if he's engaged you, he has probably told you to sweep the stable, an' when he comes home an' finds it hasn't been done, he'll sit down to dinner with you, an' you'll be the dinner.'"

"Oh, if that's the case," laughed Shaun, 'I'll do the job at once. I never swept a stable, as my father is a king, but I've seen it done by the grooms, an' it's not much of a job.'"

"'Unfortunate man,' says the beautiful girl. 'It's a fairy stable, an' if you sweep it the usual way it'll become dirtier for every pass of the broom. But if you take the broom be the brush an' sweep with the handle the stable will be clean in a twinklin'.'"

"It's yours the good-natured thing," says Shaun, an' he leans over to kiss the pretty pinks of lips she has, but she hands him out some pink for his own cheek with a slap of her hand."

so hungry he begun to gnaw at his belt, but there wasn't a hayport of nourishment in it—so me mudder said, whatever a hayport is—an' when he found a dozen eggs in the hay he made short work of them, atin' them raw."

"Then he goes out of the stable an' there is the giant leavin' the house to go take the double-headed cow to the pasture, a hundred miles away."

"Good mornin'," says Shaun, with a toss of his head to show that he wasn't afraid of the old giant. "What is it today?"

"Today ye must catch me stallion that's grazin' on the shores of Lough Erne an' bring him to the stable to be groomed. Once a month I groom him."

"An' is that all?" says Shaun."

"Oh, yes," says the giant, wid a roar of a laugh: 'when that's done you can play the pipes, or do anything at all, so's you don't visit Fiona.'"

"Oh, I'm sick of Fiona, whatever it is. I'm sure it's nothin' to ate, for I hadn't a bite nor a sup yesterday at all, at all. Sure it's little care you take of them that honors you be bein' your servants."

"Oh, the grass is long an' there's plenty of it, an' you're welcome to all ye can ate," says the giant, roarin' again so loud that he broke a pane of glass in the henhouse that lay forlorn them."

An' wid that he starts off to lead his cow to the pasture, an' she bellerin' out of her two heads at once, for, like everyone else, she hated the giant."

"As soon as the giant had gone, Shaun called to Fiona, an' when she put her head out of the window, he asked her to let down a rope as there was no use of walkin' an' the elevator was out of order. 'She, bein' the daughter of a fairy, let down her hair, an' he pulled himself up hand over hand on it. Twenty-five stories long is a good head of hair."

"When he climbed in at the window an' saw Fiona he fell dead in love with her."